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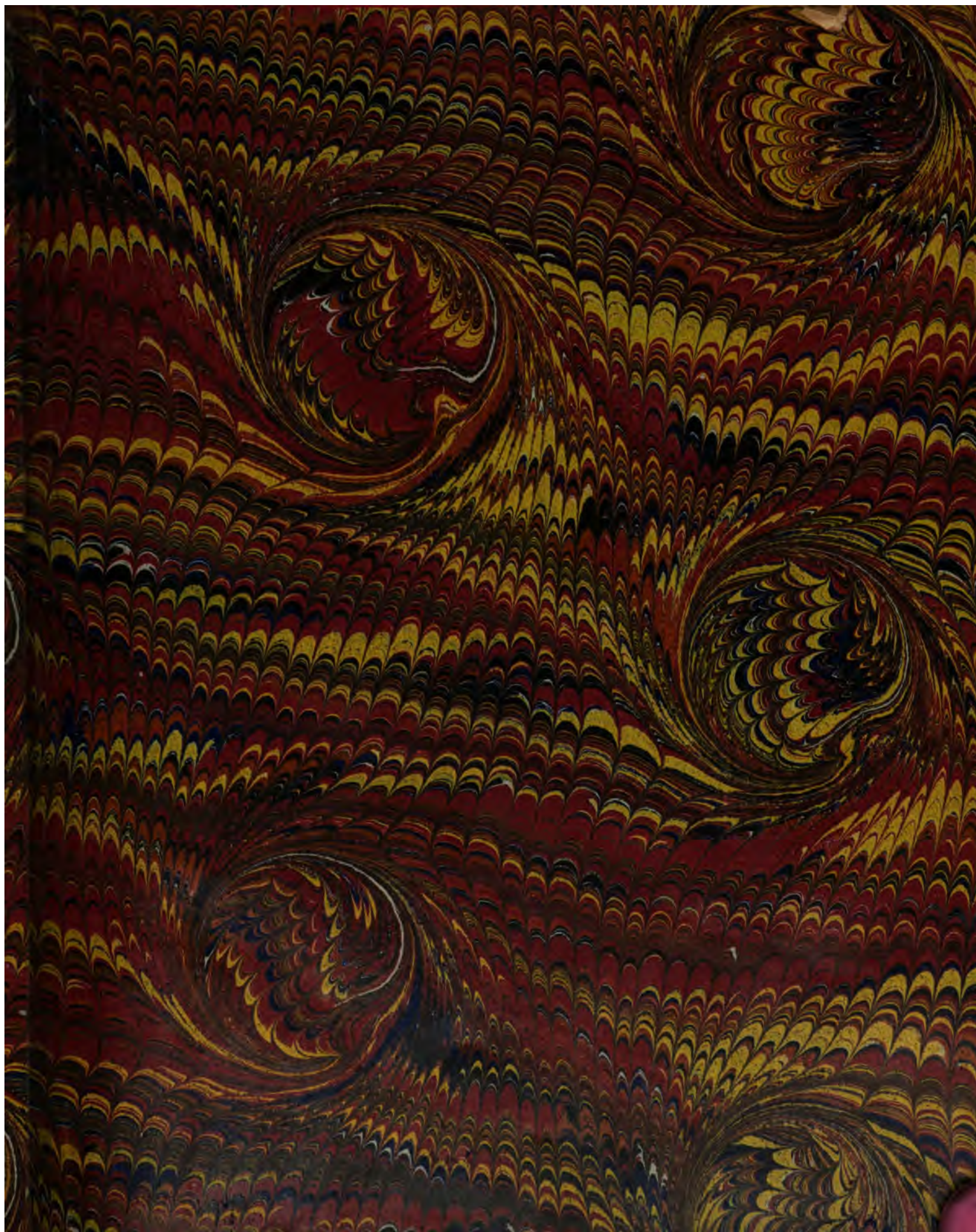
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W. A. Delamater

A N
A D D R E S S
To the Worshipful Company of
BARBERS in OXFORD;

Occasioned by
A late Infamous LIBEL, intituled,
The Barber and Fireworks,
A F A B L E,

Highly reflecting on one of the
Honourable MEMBERS.

By a BARBER.

With Lies thou cuttest like a sharp Razor. PSALM lii. 3.

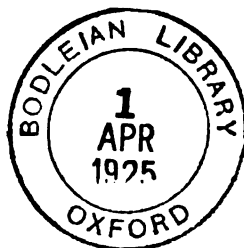
The THIRD EDITION.

OXFORD, Printed in the Year MDCCXLIX.

Die Lunæ 26 Junii, 1749.

ORDERED *by the Worshipful Company of*
BARBERS *at the GEORGE INN assembled,*
That the Thanks of this Company be, and are hereby
given to the AUTHOR for his Address; and
that MOSES BROOKS and WILLIAM WOOLL—Y do
acquaint him therewith.

JOHN TUBB, *Master.*



JOHN C--LC--T, }
JOSEPH M--SS, } *Wardens.*

(3)

A N
A D D R E S S
T O T H E
Worshipful Company of BARBERS
in O X F O R D, &c.

WHAT, shall a faucy rhyming Dunce, Sirs,
Infult the noble Name of *Tonsors*?
Where, where's your Spirit? None reply?
Fie, ARN—LD, H—LM—N, K—RBY, fie.
Ah, what avails the mighty Knowledge
You've gain'd by shaving of a College;
If, when a Scribler dares to mock,
You'll not revenge a Brother Block?

A 2

WELL,

4 *An* ADDRESS, &c.

WELL, I'll attempt it, tho' to rhyme
I ne'er try'd since I serv'd my Time.
I'll teach the Fellow how to joke---
But hold---What God must I invoke?---
APOLLO? No, for as I've heard,
APOLLO never had a Beard.

WHOE'ER thou art, then lend thine Aid,
Thou Patron of the shaving Trade,
Whose deathless Hand in Heav'n above
Trims the grey Pate of Father J O V E.
Let Wit in every Line be seen,
Bright as the Razor and as keen;
Smooth let them run as Oil, or rather
As soapy, slippery, frothy Lather.

W H Y

An ADDRESS, &c. 5

W H Y would'st thou, pert officious Dribbler,
Leave *Wrangling* to commence a Scribbler?
To seek hard Terms in *Greek* or *Latin*,
Then vex your Brains to bring them pat in?
Of *Vertic* talk and *Pyrotechny*,
And *Conniseurs*,---enough to sicken ye?
But tell me, Scribbler, if thou'rt able,
Why is thy Libel call'd a *Fable*?
A *Fable*!---Shall I tell thee why?
Because we know 'tis all---a L I E.

BETTER in Pulpit take Occasion
To rail at Mayor and Corporation;
Better with vile abuse to fall
On little J o, Vice-Principal;

Better

6 *An ADDRESS, &c.*

Better at B***** waste your Time,
And there in amorous Sonnets rhyme;
Or, lodg'd in solitary Garret,
Better write paultry *Odes* for B--RR--TT.

BUT if your Spleen must needs have vent,
Why all on LAURY H--RN--R spent?
Why ST--ART, or why BR--CKL--ND spar'd?
For they the Engineering shar'd.
Why at the *Tanfor* levell'd solely?
Why none at Brother *Bibliopola*?
Ah, thou hadst never dar'd to sneer
At STE, facetious Auctioneer;
For STE's the archest Wag in Town,
And punning P--RK--R he'll outpun.

Behold

An ADDRESS, &c.

7

BEHOLD each Barber, how expert,
How spruce, how witty, and alert !
With what an easy Grace they have !
Their Hair how jauntily they weave !
From lofty W--SE with tragick Pace,
Down to SIR BAS with fiery Face.

SEARCH ev'ry Trade, you'll no where find
Artists so useful to Mankind ;
So knowing in their several Stations,
So various in their Occupations.
Bass CL--M--NTS, tho' a dextrous Shaver,
Is still more dextrous at a Quaver.
Hark, the loud Anthem when he sings,
The ecchoing Choir harmonious rings ;

And

8 *An ADDRESS, &c.*

And happy TR--N--TY can tell
How great thy Worth as *Manciple*.

To M--GD--L--N HALL, illustrious Domus,
K--NE serves as *Tonfor* and as *Promus*;
Great H--RN--R too with equal Fame
At EX--T--R performs the same.
That very very Hand which mows their Heads,
Deals out their Butter and their Bread.

To painted Peruke and long Pole
Jo. F--WL--R joins a gilded Scroll,
Whose Lines declare his House is handy
For Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Rum, Brandy.
And *Scholars* say, he's not a worse Man
Than F--RTN--M, or the smart JAMES H--RSEM--N.

To

An ADDRESS, &c. 9

To broach a Vein of N--RSE what Need?
We Barbers can as nicely bleed.
Yield, 'Pothecaries, Surgeons, yield,
Let W--BB the pointed Launcet weild;
Unequal'd W--BB, whom all agree
T' excel---in Nets and Poetry.
Oh, could my Muse sublimely soar,
Like thine, which thus adorns thy Door,

" A Superflu^s Hollow Stump or tooth
" is displace'd Here to ^ey truth"

Then should she live to endless Time,
And futuré Barbers blefs my Rhyme.

B

Yet

10 *An* ADDRESS, &c.

YET these great Arts, confin'd to one,
Are center'd not in W--BB alone :
Sage P--TT--R too from aching Jaw
Teeth rotten with a Touch can draw ;
Sage P--TT--R on whose *azure* Sign
See *golden* OPERATOR shine ;
Where erst, in Capitals confest
(So Fame reports) stood OCULIST.

BUT hold----let C--XH--D share my Praise,
Whose potent Liquor swells my Lays.
Ungrateful Muse ! now Ill beshrew her,
Should she forget our famous Brewer ;
They'd think, that I, poor Poet, ne'er
Had *tasted* C--XH--D's fine OLD BEER.

To

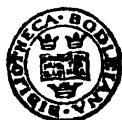
An ADDRESS, &c. II

To tell each Barber's Merit, I
Should set down all our Company.
Why then wouldst thou at *Tonsors* rail,
Vile Scribbler, with malicious Tale?
Thy Caxen fure is old and rusty,
And for a new one they'll not trust thee.

Now learn, and dread thy fatal Doom:
When next rejoicing Night shall come,
Thy *Fable* shall a Rocket bind,
Or round a mazy Serpent wind.
Spite of it's natural Gravity,
Thy Nonsense then shall mounting fly,
His, bounce, crack, fire, smoke, stink, and dye.]

BUT

BUT thou, great H—RN—R never fear
 An empty Scribler's envious Sneer.
 What Hand, like thine, so lightly fhaves;
 Like thine, the various Peruke weaves;
 The spruce curl'd Bob for sprightly Beau,
 Or solemn Doctor's learned Flow.
 E'en BAYL—S must his *Browns* resign,
 And K—RBY'S *Grizzles* yield to thine.



F I N I S.

This Day is publish'd, Price 6d.

An ODE on St. *Cecilia's* Day, adapted to the Ancient
British Musick. As perform'd the 23d of *November*.

